THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 7, 1801

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

(Concluded from Page 165.)

LADY Delacour paused, and leaned back on the sofa—she appeared in great pain.

O!—I am sometimes, resumed she, as you see, in terrible pain.—For two years after I gave myself that blow with the pistol*, I neglected the warning twinges that I felt from time to time—at last I was terrified. Marriott was the only person to whom I mentioned my fears, and she was profoundly ignorant. She flattered me with false hopes, till, alas! it was in vain to doubt the nature of my complaint. Then she urged me to consult a physician—that I would not do—I could not—I never will consult a physician—I would not for the universe have my situation known—You stare—you cannot enter into my feelings—Why, my dear, if I lose admiration, what have I left?—Would you have me live upon pity? Consider what a dreadful thing it must be to me, who have no friends, no family, to be confined to a sick room—a sick bed—'tis what I must come to at last—but not yet—not yet—I have fortitude—I should despise myself if I had no species of merit—besides, it is still some occupation to me, to act my part in public—and bustle, noise, nonsense, if they do not amuse, or interest me, yet they stifle reflection—may you never know what it is to feel remorse!

The idea of that poor wretch, Lawless, whom I actually murdered, as much as if I had shot him, haunts me when ever I am alone. It is now between eight or nine years since he died, and I have

* This alludes to Lady Delacour's having attempted to fire a pistol, in a duel, an incident somewhat extravagant, even in these times of wild dissipation, but managed so as to procure effect in the novel.

I have lived ever ſince in a conſtant courſe of diſſipation—but it won't do.—Conſcience! conſcience will be heard. Since my health has been weakened, I believe I have acquired more conſcience—I really think that my ſtupid lord, who has neither ideas nor ſenſations, except when he is intoxicated, is a hundred times happier than I am. But I will ſpare you, Belinda—I promiſed that you ſhould have a *ſcene*, and I will keep my word—It is, however, a great relief to open my mind to one who has ſome feeling.—Harriot Freke has none.—I am convinced that ſhe has no more feeling than this table. I have not yet told you how ſhe has uſed me—You know that it was ſhe who led, or rather dragged me into that ſcrape with Lawleſs.—For that I never reproached her—You know it was ſhe who frightened me into fighting that duel with Mrs. Luttridge—For this I never reproached her—She has coſt me my piece of mind—my health—my life—She knows it, and ſhe forſakes, betrays, inſults, and leaves me to die—I cannot command my temper ſufficiently to be coherent when I ſpeak of her—I cannot expreſs in words what I feel.

How could that moſt treacherous of beings, for ten years, make me believe that ſhe was my friend? While I thought ſhe really loved me, I pardoned her all her faults.—*All*—what a comprehenſive word!—All, all I forgave, and continually ſaid—*but* ſhe has a good heart—A good heart! She has no heart! She has no feeling for any living creature but herſelf—I always thought that ſhe cared for no one but for me—but now I find ſhe can throw me off as eaſily as ſhe would her glove—And this too I ſuppoſe ſhe calls a frolic—or, in her own vulgar language, fun.—Can you believe it?—What do you think ſhe has done, my dear? She has gone over at laſt to odious Mrs. Luttridge—actually ſhe is gone down with the Luttridges to——ſhire. The independant member has taken the chiltern hundreds, vacates his ſeat, a new election comes on directly—the Luttridges are to bring in Freke—not Harriot's couſin, they have cut him—but her huſband, who is now to commence ſenator—he is to come in for the county, upon condition that Luttridge ſhall have Freke's borough. Lord Delacour, without ſaying one ſyllable, has gone and promiſed his intereſt to this preſent junto, and Lady Delacour is left a miſerable cypher—My lord's motives I can clearly underſtand; he loſt a thouſand guineas to Mrs. Luttridge this winter, and this is a convenient way of paying her—why Harriot ſhould be ſo anxious to ſerve a huſband whom ſhe hates—might ſurpriſe any body who did not know *les deſſous des cartes* as well as I do.—You are but juſt come into the world, Belinda—the world of wickedneſs, I mean, my dear, or you would have heard what a piece of work there was, a few years ago, about Harriot Freke, and this couſin of her's.

Without

Without betraying her confidence, I may juſt tell you what is known to every body, that ſhe went ſo far, that if it had not been for me, not a ſoul would have viſited her—ſhe ſwam in the ſea of folly out of her depth—the tide of faſhion ebbed, and then ſhe was left ſticking knee deep in mud; a ridiculous, ſcandalous, figure; I had the courage and fooliſh good-nature to hazard myſelf for her, and actually dragged her to *terra firma*—how ſhe has gone on ſince I *cannot* tell you preciſely, becauſe I am not in the ſecret—but the cataſtrophe is public—to make her peace with her huſband, ſhe gives up her friend—Well! that I could have pardoned, if ſhe had not been ſo baſe as to go over to Mrs. Luttridge—Mrs. Luttridge offered (I have ſeen the letter, and Harriot's anſwer) to bring in Freke, the huſband, and to make both a county and a family peace, on condition that Harriot ſhould give up all connection with Lady Delacour.—Mrs. Luttridge knows this would provoke me beyond meaſure, and there is nothing ſhe would not do to gratify her mean, malevolent paſſions—ſhe has ſucceeded for once in her life—the blame of the duel, of courſe, is all thrown upon me—and, would you believe it, Harriot Freke, I am credibly informed, throws all the blame of Lawleſs's buſineſs on me—nay, hints that Lawleſs's death-bed declaration of my innocence was *very generous*.

O! the treachery, the baſeneſs of this woman! and it was my fate to hear all this laſt night at the maſquerade—I waited, and waited, and looked every where for Harriot—ſhe was to be the Widow Brady, I know—At laſt the Widow Brady made her appearance, and I accoſted her with all my uſual familiarity. The widow was dumb—I inſiſted upon knowing the cauſe of this ſudden loſs of ſpeech—The widow took me into another apartment, unmaſked, and there I beheld Mr. Freke, the huſband—I was aſtoniſhed, and had no idea of the truth. "Where is Harriot? I believe were the firſt words I ſaid. "Gone into the country."—"To the country?"—"Yes; to——ſhire, with Mrs. Luttridge."—Mrs. Luttridge, odious Mrs. Luttridge! I could ſcarcely believe my ſenſes—but Freke who always hated me, believing that I led his wife, inſtead of her leading me into miſchief, would have enjoyed my aſtoniſhment and my rage—ſo I concealed both, with all poſſible preſence of mind.

He went on overwhelming me with explanations and copies of letters; and declared it was at Freke's requeſt that he did and ſaid all this, and that he was to follow her next morning. I broke from him, ſimply wiſhing him a good journey, and as much family peace as his patience merited—He knows that I know his wife's hiſtory, and though *ſhe* has no ſhame, he has ſome. I had the ſatisfaction to leave him bluſhing with anger, and I ſupported the character of the comic muſe a full hour afterward, to convince him, that all their combined malice would

fail to break my ſpirit—in public—what I ſuffer in private, is known only to my own heart."

INTERESTING TRIAL.

KING's BENCH, GUILDHALL, July 16.

Sittings before LORD KENYON and a Special Jury.

BANNER *verſus* OLIVER.

MR. Gibbs ſtated, that this action was brought by the plaintiff, as the indorſee of four bills of exchange, againſt the defendant as the acceptor. This bill was drawn by Mr. Jolliffe, who had a large eſtate in the north, in 1794, on Mr. Oliver, his then ſteward, payable to his own order, and indorſed by Mr. Jolliffe, by a Mr. Boyd, and by a Mr. Barber, and the preſent plaintiff had received them as long ago as 1794. The jury therefore might be ſurpriſed this action was not brought earlier. The truth was, they were repoſing themſelves in the Court of Chancery, and they were hardly awaked from their doze when they were lulled aſleep again by the promiſe of a compromiſe. He underſtood ſomething was to be imputed to the plaintiff. He did not know what. It was only neceſſary for him to obſerve further, that the hand writing of all the perſons on the bills was admitted.

The bills were dated July 26th, 1794, all at three months after date, and each for 100l.

The leading counſel for the defendant obſerved, that if it was a proper deſcription of eloquence to ſay on a ſubject every thing that could be ſaid, and that in the beſt manner, his friend had made a moſt eloquent ſpeech, for he had laid himſelf open to no obſervations whatever; and it was not only a moſt eloquent, but a moſt prudent ſpeech, as he had opened dryly that four bills of exchange were drawn, accepted, and indorſed by the perſons, whoſe names were upon the bills. There was no poſſibility of making an attack upon a caſe ſo ſtated. It would be neceſſary therefore to open ſome facts, on which he could ſuſtain the caſe he had to lay before them. Theſe bills were drawn by Mr. Jolliffe on Mr. Oliver, who accepted them, payable to his own order. Oliver was to get them diſcounted, and to get caſh for them. For that purpoſe he had applied to a man of the name of Boyd, who had ſince gone to America. This action had not been brought at this late period by any delay that had been occaſioned by any proceedings in the Court of Chancery, but from a perfect conviction that this action could not be ſuſtained. Mr. Boyd kept theſe bills for ſome time, after which, it happened to him

him to be viſited by proceſs—he was arreſted for a large ſum of money. Finding himſelf in that ſituation, and having in his hands thoſe bills, he thought he might take the liberty to depoſit them in the hands of the officer who arreſted him, Mr. Nunnington, till he ſhould be able to procure bail; and when that was done, theſe bills were to be returned to him. Boyd performed his engagement by putting in bail, and was then entitled to have his bills again. The officer had in the mean time delivered over theſe bills to a Mr. Barber, the attorney for the plaintiff, who had arreſted Boyd. Mr. Barber's hands had a birdlime quality. No paper that got into them, ever found its way ſafely out of them again—it ſtuck ſo faſt. The preſent plaintiff had received them from Barber, without having given any value for them. Banner, the plaintiff, had expreſsly admitted he had given no value for them. No perſon had given value for them.

LORD KENYON.—" If they have found their way into Banner's hands through a *bonâ fide* holder for a valuable conſideration, though he has not paid any value for them, he may, I apprehend, maintain this action. If no value has been given for theſe bills by any perſon, then it is clearly *nudum pactum, ex quo non oritur actio.* I have a moſt perfect memory of a caſe reported by Siderfin, where it was decided that if the holder of a bill who has paid no conſideration for it, derives title through another perſon who paid a full and valuable conſideration for it, that holder may maintain an action upon ſuch a bill.

The counſel for the defendant obſerved that Barber had no right whatever to retain theſe bills a moment after Boyd had put in bail. Theſe bills were expreſsly given to Barber upon that condition, that whenever bail was put in, theſe four bills ſhould be immediately returned to Boyd. But from the bird-lime quality of this profeſſional gentlemen's hands, this paper never found its way out of them to Boyd. Barber having no right to retain theſe bills, could convey no right in them to Banner, the preſent plaintiff. This was the caſe on the part of the defendant, whoſe counſel obſerved, that as he had ſaid ſo much of Barber and to him, and as he could ſay nothing bad enough of him, he ſhould paſs him over in ſilence altogether.

Mr. Gibbs contended, that Mr. Barber was a holder of theſe bills for a valuable conſideration, and that Banner, his client, might protect himſelf under the title of Barber.

LORD KENYON.—" Banner comes here as a plaintiff to compel the payment of this money. Banner, I underſtand, admits theſe bills came into his hands without any valuable conſideration—I think, Mr. Gibbs, you ought to ſhew, ſome how or other, that they have circulated, through hands, one of whom at leaſt has paid a valuable conſideration for them, and through whom you claim title.

Mr.

Mr. Gibbs contended, that his client ſtood preciſely in the ſame ſituation as if Barber were the plaintiff—that is, Banner ſtood cloathed with all the rights of Barber to recover the amount of theſe four bills of exchange. He here ſhewed by evidence a title on Barber to theſe bills.

Lord Kenyon then called on the counſel for the defendant to impeach Barber's title.

For that purpoſe they called Mr. Nunnington, the ſheriff's officer, who, his lordſhip ſaid, gave his evidence to his ſatisfaction.

Barber did not attend, and was called on his *ſubpœna*.

They were not able to impeach Barber's title, and as the plaintiff protected himſelf under that title, the jury found a verdict for plaintiff for the amount of the bills, with intereſt, which was 530l.

The laſt Will and Teſtament of an eminent Controverſial Writer.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

I AM a writer of long ſtanding and high eſtimation, have been known to the curious and inquiring world for many years, and have ever been accounted by the reviews and magazines to be a "formidable antagoniſt," "a great controverſialiſt," and an "able reaſoner;" compliments as eaſily traced to the multiplicity of my writings, as the multiplicity of my writings may be traced to the reſtleſſneſs of my diſpoſition. Few works have been publiſhed to which I have not written an anſwer, and I have publiſhed nothing of my own, without expecting the ſame return from ſome other (doubtleſs *inferior*) writer. CONTROVERSY has been the buſineſs of my life, and the *pabulum* of my exiſtence, and I have given my days and nights to an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of controverſial pamphlets from "A warm Remonſtrance" down to "Cool Conſiderations." I have been flattered for my "Hints," applauded for my "Remarks," and adored for my "Strictures." I have baffled, oppoſed, conteſted, diſputed, arraigned, and objected to every doctrine, opinion, ſentiment, propoſition, and demonſtration, that has been exhibited in my time. I have ſhaken every thing that is fixed, and revolted againſt every thing that is eſtabliſhed. What has been able to ſtem the current of my eloquence, to arreſt the rapidity of my lucubrations, or to check the boldneſs of my ſcepticiſm? I began with oppoſing acknowledged truths, and overturning axioms, and I flatter myſelf that I have ended with leaving the evidence of the ſenſes in a very *pretty pickle!*

Such, Sir, has been the employment of my life, but life and labours muſt have an end; doubts and queſtions, though remarkable for longevity, muſt, at one time or other, be relinquiſhed; and it is but fair that a man who has laboured in his vocation for half a century, ſhould be able, as the citizens ſay, "to ſit down and enjoy himſelf" in peaceful retirement. Although arrived at this bliſsful period, however, I could not relinquiſh a buſineſs I have purſued with ſo much ſucceſs, nor quit the chair of a ſchool which I have ſeen advance with ſuch rapid ſtrides towards *perfectibility*, without a farewell addreſs on the ſubject of my paſt purſuits, and a few bequeſts to thoſe who may flatter themſelves that they are able to ſucceed me.

The principles of controverſy as I have eſtabliſhed and practiſed them are few and *certain*, becauſe they immediately reach the end of all controverſy, which is, to leave the world more in doubt than it was before the diſpute began. In practiſing theſe few principles, it is merely neceſſary, 1. That you ſhould profeſs as candid a reſpect, and feel as hearty a contempt for your adverſary as is conſiſtent with the fermentation of the human temper, and you are not to be ſcrupulous as to what lengths you go in this reſpect. 2. That your adverſary ſhould profeſs and feel the very ſame ſentiments towards you; and that, while this is the ſtate of your minds reciprocally, your language ſhould be ſuch a mixture of *candour*, *impartiality*, *free enquiry*, and *love* of *truth*, as is conſiſtent with the very oppoſite of theſe ingredients, together with a *quant. ſuff.* of *vanity*, *ſelf-conceit*, *ill-breeding*, and *arrogance*. Nothing more eaſy than to procure theſe qualities, and when procured, the proper mixture of them is an *innate idea* in the breaſt of a true diſputant.—Theſe rules muſt be got by *heart*, becauſe in all modern controverſy the *heart* is more employed than the *head*, and indeed the diſtance at which they reſide from each other, makes it inconvenient to conſult both on every trifling occaſion.

It is generally ſuppoſed that a cool temperature of mind and body is neceſſary for controverſy. I know not whence ſuch a notion has ſprung: not from experience certainly; it muſt be the reverie of ſome man who wiſhed to ſhew his acquaintance with geography, and who fancied that a controverſy might be carried on to advantage in Greenland, or that men might argue to conviction on the glaciers. But theſe are ſpeculations, and not facts. We cannot preſerve deductions in ice, as we preſerve fiſh, nor do we find that men will be nearer agreeing in fundamentals when their teeth chatter, than when in a ſtate of profuſe perſpiration. I once ſuſpected this doctrine to have originated with ſome of the advocates for the cold comforts of materialiſm, but I perceived no effects from it, even among them, in the great froſts of 1788-9 and 1794-5; nor have I, in all my experience, found it neceſſary, in any diſpute whatever, to conſult the thermometer.

mometer. I have been myſelf tolerably *calm* at 89° of Fahrenheit, and have ſent out ſome of my "warmeſt rejoiners" at 40°. Whoever, therefore, chooſes to take the advice of an old practitioner, will not regard climate, or even enquire whether his arguments are in ſeaſon.

In all times, and under all climates, eſpecially ſo variable a climate as our's, it will be found neceſſary to preſerve a ſufficient ſtock of ill humour and pertinacity, never giving way, never yielding an inch to an antagoniſt. This is the very end, uſe, and purpoſe, of controverſy, although I know there are ſome weak people, deaf to experience, who look to the promotion of truth and the demonſtration of facts, when they might as well expect logical inferences from the blows of a couple of pugiliſts. With ſuch, however, who have formed theſe vague expectations, I have nothing to do. *Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.* I ſhall only ſay, that had this been the caſe, had people been content with what is eſtabliſhed, and meant to practiſe what had been proved, we ſhould not at the end of the eighteenth century have witneſſed controverſies on the evidence of the Chriſtian religion, and *pro's* and *con's* on the celibacy of prieſts. And, Sir, when ſuch ſubjects are judged fit for ſerious argument in a proteſtant country, and in an enlightened age *(lucus a non lucendo!)* we cannot wonder if even the certainty of death ſhould be a queſtion, and it ſhould be argued that a man may live three or four hundred years, or for ever, if he has a *mind!*—Such controverſies we have ſeen, but I have done with them now—I am no longer intereſted—I am about to take my leave. Yet I tell my ſucceſſors—I tell the world at large—they may expect wonderful things in the courſe of another century—Gentiles are riſing who will "mend the Commandments, alter the Belief, and make a new Lord's Prayer." I am old, and cannot ſee much, yet old as I am, I am doubtful whether the ſun will be permitted to give me all the light I want, and I have my fears that the multiplication-table will not laſt my time.

Some may think, that in theſe remarks I am alluding only to theological and political controverſy: but thoſe who impute this partiality to me, know little of the genius and ſpirit of controverſy. It is not the importance of the *ſubject* that begets all the beauties of a diſpute, and gives length and life to it. Alas! the diſpute is about *perſons*, and not *things*. It is the glory and honour of the *diſputants*, and not the importance of the *object*, which whets their weapons. We may obſerve as much warmth diſplayed in a conteſt about the form of a ſyringe, as about the conſtitution of a ſtate. The exiſtence of a God has not been argued with more zeal than the ſurrender of an iſland; and when have we had ſuch voluminous anſwers, replies, perſonalities, obloquy, and ill-humour, as in controverſies on the force of *vapour* and the reality of a *vacuum?* The formation of

the earth, it is well known, has produced as much bad language as if nothing were *ſpontaneous* but Billingſgate; and a good deal of ſpleen and acrimony have been excited by the ſhape of a pair of ſpectacles.—It is ſomething to be warm in the cauſe of the oppreſſed, and to write on the *abuſes* of *priſons*, but it is not thought leſs neceſſary to bring the ſame weapons in aid of *fixed air* or *water-ſpouts*. We ſaw laſt year, that the old wooden work of St. Stephen's chapel occaſioned as much ill-humour as the reform of parliament; and one would really think that the ſalvation of mankind was merely a diſpute whether arches ought to be round or pointed! But to conclude this part of my ſubject, the beginning of a controverſy is not unlike the breaking out of a mob:—there is at firſt ſomething like a reaſonable excuſe or pretence, but in a ſhort time that is forgotten, and we ſee nothing but men with ſledge-hammers and coarſe language deſtroying all before them.

I have already mentioned the great ſhare I have had in the controverſies of the laſt fifty years, and by regarding the ſubject leſs than the ſpirit of polemical writing, it is wonderful what a variety of buſineſs I have been able to go through. One day I was impugning the aſſertion of a hiſtorian, and attacking his credibility; and the next I broke the pump of a philoſopher, and ſpoiled his experiment. One day I was explaining the myſtery of patent water-cloſets, and the next I diſproved the immortality of the ſoul. Nothing came amiſs. A new principle in politics, or a new mineral in natural hiſtory—a queſtion in algebra or a motion in a guildhall—the baſes of pyramids, or the meaſures of ſtateſmen—the origin of Stonehenge, or the ſcite of the wet docks—a druid's temple, or a preſbyterian meeting-houſe—the diſmiſſion of a miniſter, or the mutilation of a bronſe figure—the date of a fact, or the length of a voyage—the diſcipline of the navy, or the uſe of tar-water—a diſpute text, or a new tax—the manner of laying out gardens, or money in the funds—the crater of a volcano, or the terms of a loan—all were equally familiar, and handled with a due portion and proportion of the right genuine CONTROVERSIAL LANGUAGE.

And this, Mr. Editor, brings me to the chief purpoſe of my letter, namely, to announce, by your kind permiſſion, that having concluded my labours, diſputations, polemic, and controverſial, I am now about to offer, for ſale, my whole and entire ſtock of LANGUAGE, ſuited to all ſubjects of divinity, hiſtory, politics, philoſophy, law, phyſic, &c. &c.

It is not poſſible, or at leaſt it is highly improbable, that any one perſon can afford to purchaſe the whole of my collection! I was, indeed, at firſt, adviſed to offer it to parliament for an adequate return, but upon a careful inſpection of the parliamentary regiſter for the laſt fifty years, and alſo looking forward to the acceſſion of ſtrength in this way that will ſoon be made by

our united ſifter, I am convinced that my collection would be wholly unneceſſary in that quarter. I next thought of the univerſities, but ſeveral of the heads of houſes, my very worthy and particular friends, informed me that they had more of ſuch articles on hand than they could employ, and that the high price of paper had had the awful effect of confining the univerſity preſſes to what is *uſeful*. Foiled, therefore, in my attempts to preſerve this valuable collection whole and entire for the uſe of ſome learned body, I have determined to divide it into lots for the benefit of private purchaſers, and which will be ſoldat Mr. Chriſtie's room in Pall Mall, as ſoon as the town begins to fill for the winter. I have ſelected that gentleman from the numerous tribe of his brethren, becauſe his mellifluous oratory and ſilver-toned compliments will illuſtrate, by the moſt ſtriking contraſt, the beauties and beneficial advantages of each lot. The following is a part of the *deſcriptive catalogue* which I have prepared on this occaſion, and which will ſoon be ready for purchaſers, price two ſhillings and ſixpence each, the common; and the fine, printed on a ſuper-excellent wire-wove paper, hot-preſſed, and beautifully done up in crimſon paper, price five ſhillings.—N. B. A few large-paper copies, picked impreſſions, and ſuperbly ſtitched with gold thread, price half-a-guinea.

LOT I. DOCTRINES; conſiſting of "Deteſtable, damnable, doubtful, erroneous, wicked, vile, pernicious, terrible, horrid, and abominable." Theſe will ſuit the controverſial divines of our days, eſpecially thoſe who are for ever enquiring after truth, without finding any.

LOT II. MISCELLANEOUS; conſiſting of "Inſolence and abuſe, chicanery and nonſenſe, infamous purpoſes, pernicious principles, and pitiful evaſions." This, from its general application, will probably be a conteſted lot. I would adviſe intended purchaſers to come early.

LOT III. DECEITS; conſiſting of "palpable, baſe, ſhocking, ſolemn, and groſs." Dealers in forged manuſcripts and their apologiſts will bid high for this lot, to ſupply any *little* deficiency in their preſent collection.

LOT IV. A very choice and curious aſſortment marked FALSEHOODS; conſiſting of "Abominable, abſolute, clouds of falſehoods, groſs and impudent, ſhameful and unblushing." The ſervile copyiſts of foreign politics and religion will find this a pennyworth.

LOT V. REPROACHES; "Foul, artful, baſe, vile, wicked, and horrid." Some have doubted the propriety of putting theſe into one lot, as they are generally pretty equally divided between the parties. The auctioneer will therefore uſe his judgement in endeavouring to pleaſe both ſides, and ſplit a hair.

LOT VI. MISCELLANEOUS; "Audacious hoſtility, malicious invectives, low quibbles, unmeaning puffs, unbounded rancour;"

cour;" intended for ſome of the newſpapers, and will be found eminently uſeful, being as good as new.

LOT VII. ABUSES; "Scurrilous, virulent, groſs abuſes." Intended for the ſame, but writers on bread-corn, ſocinianiſm, bank-paper, revealed religion, exchequer bills, or Gothic arches, may bid, if ſo inclined.

LOT VIII. ABSURDITIES; containing "Monſtrous, ſpiteful, ſtupid, intolerable, ſhameful, and downright abſurdities." For the accommodation of purchaſers, are added a ſmall number of "Sophiſtical reaſonings and palpable ſophiſtries;" the whole in very fine preſervation.

LOT IX. MISCELLANEOUS; "Idiotical conſtructions, abſurd reveries, ſoppiſh inſolence, ſenſeleſs jargon, pieces of bombaſt, banterings, burleſque, and manglings." Theſe are in too general requeſt to require a puff.

LOT X. FORGERIES; "Abſolute, downright, barefaced, impudent." Intended for the trade of *Ireland*, and in the poſſeſſion of *Mr. Lauder*.

LOT XI. MISCELLANEOUS; "Abuſive rage, impertinent inuations, licentious mockery, ſenſeleſs ſtuff, mere rant, methodiſtical cant, ſorry artifices, arrant nonſenſe, chimerical notions, groſs outrage, groſs perverſion, baſe pretences, abominable ſpirit, treacherous diſingenuity, ſcurrilous reaſoning, rhapſodies, and hotchpotch."

This laſt, which is the laſt I ſhall tranſcribe, is thought rather large, but whoever is acquainted with the importance of controverſial furniture, will ſee that the articles cannot be ſeparated without deſtroying that happy uniformity of ſtyle which prevails between polemics. The remainder of my catalogue conſiſts of perſonals, ſuch as, "Fool, blockhead, ideot, blunderer, ignoramus, nincompoop," and other names and titles in uſe with men, "whoſe only object is to purſue the rights of free enquiry with candid reaſoning, and a truly gentle and Chriſtian temper."

But I am afraid I have extended my letter to an immoderate length, and therefore defer other particulars to a future opportunity, ſhould I find it neceſſary to addreſs you again on this ſubject.

Mean time, I am, Sir, with profound reſpect, your very humble ſervant.

CHRISTOPHER CONTEST.

P. S. For a complete liſt of my works, ſee the index to the Monthly Review, p. 1. *et ſeq.*

SINGULAR REMARK.

THERE is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age; but he overthrows all

his praiſe in his termination of their character, in which he ſeems to imply, that all this piety and learning will be of no avail, becauſe they keep their Eaſter at a wrong time of the year.

CHARACTER *of* RAPHAEL.

[From Fuſeli's Lectures on Painting.]

THE inſpiration of Michael Angelo, [ſee the Entertainer for laſt week] was followed by the milder genius of Raphael Sanzio, the father of dramatic painting, the painter of humanity; leſs elevated, leſs vigorous, but more inſinuating, more preſſing on our hearts, the warm maſter of our ſympathies. What effect of human connexion, what feature of the mind, from the gentleſt emotion to the moſt fervid burſt of paſſion, has been left unobſerved, has not received a characteriſtic ſtamp from that examiner of man? Michael Angelo came to nature, nature came to Raphael—he tranſmitted her features like a lucid glaſs unſtained, unmodified. We ſtand with awe before Michael Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us—we embrace Raphael, and follow him wherever he leads us. Energy, with propriety of character, and modeſt grace, poiſe his line, and determine his correctneſs.

Perfect human beauty he has not repreſented; no face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful; no figure of his, in the abſtract, poſſeſſes the proportions that could raiſe it to a ſtandard of imitation: form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos, and to thoſe he adapted it in a mode and with a truth, which leaves all attempts at emendation hopeleſs. His invention connects the utmoſt ſtretch of poſſibility, with the moſt plauſible degree of probability, in a manner that equally ſurpriſes our fancy, perſuades our judgement, and affects our heart.

His compoſition always haſtens to the moſt neceſſary point as its centre, and from that diſſeminates, to that leads back as rays, all ſecondary ones. Group, form, and contraſt, are ſubordinate to the event, and common-place ever excluded. His expreſſion, in ſtrict uniſon with, and decided by character, whether calm, animated, agitated, convulſed, or abſorbed by the inſpiring paſſion, unmixed and pure, never contradicts its cauſe, equally remote from tameneſs and grimace: the moment of his choice never ſuffers the action to ſtagnate or to expire; it is the moment of tranſition, the criſis big with the paſt and pregnant with the future.

If, ſeparately taken, the line of Raphael has been excelled in correctneſs, elegance, and energy; his colour far ſurpaſſed in tone, and truth, and harmony; his maſſes in roundneſs, and his chiaroſcuro in effect—conſidered as inſtruments of pathos, they

have

have never been equalled; and in compoſition, invention, expreſſion, and the power of telling a ſtory, he has never been approached.

OBSERVATIONS ON JURIES.

By the late Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON.

IT is not improbable, that our juries formerly decided all controverſies within a certain diſtrict without the aſſiſtance of a judge, as queſtions were not then ſo intricate as they are at preſent: and we are very much in the dark about their manner of proceeding, till the time of Edward II. when the year-books begin.—The unanimity of the twelve jurors in their verdict muſt be admitted to be a very ſingular inſtitution. It ſhould ſeem, that the reaſon for requiring this, at leaſt in criminal proſecutions, aroſe from compaſſion to the priſoner; againſt whom, if the offence was not proved beyond all poſſibility of doubt in the moſt ſcrupulous juror, it was thought to be erring on the merciful ſide, that this ſingle veto ſhould acquit him. Another reaſon for this unanimity might poſſibly have ariſen from attaints being frequently brought in ancient times againſt juries, to which puniſhment every juror was liable: as each individual, therefore, might be ſubject to the heavy puniſhment enſuing upon a conviction in ſuch proſecution, it might be reaſonable that every one ſhould have a power of diſſenting, and not be concluded by the opinion of others. The firſt of theſe reaſons may account for the neceſſary unanimity in criminal cauſes, and the latter in thoſe of a civil nature, in which caſes only the proſecution of attaint took place.—In the time of Henry III. it ſhould ſeem, from a paſſage in Bracton, that this unanimity was not required from the firſt twelve that were impannelled. There are, perhaps, many Engliſhmen, and even lawyers, who know not that in Scotland the unanimity of a jury is not required, except in revenue cauſes before the court of exchequer; and that the chancellor or foreman gives the verdict upon a majority of a ſingle juror; they, therefore, conſiſt of an odd number, viz. 15, and are choſen out of 45 choſen by the ſheriff; the pannel or criminal having a right to challenge as by the Engliſh law. Fabian, in his Chronicle, gives a very particular account of the mayor and aldermen of London claiming privileges in the reign of Henry III. viz. that for a treſpaſs againſt the King, a citizen ſhould be tried by twelve of his citizens; for murder, by thirty citizens; and for treſpaſs againſt a ſtranger, by the oath of ſix citizens beſides himſelf: is it poſſible to contend after this, that the trial by twelve jurymen was thoroughly introduced, or

are

are there any paſſages in the old hiſtorians which clearly prove it to have been ſo eſtabliſhed, before the time of Henry III?

SKETCH OF THE SOIL ROUND LISBON.

(From Link's Travels.)

THE ſoil round Liſbon conſiſts of limeſtone and baſalt; the former lying at top, and being here and there very white, cloſe, and excellent for building, but breaking too coarſe for the ſtatuary. Another ſingular ſpecies of limeſtone, which only forms a maſs of petrification, appears at a depth in both banks of the river, lying beneath the other ſtrata. The baſalt begins at the bank not far from the ſea, and then proceeds through Quelus toward Bellas; meanwhile a branch of the baſalt mountain extends beyond the city by the acqueduct, and unites with the forementioned chain toward Bellas. From thence the baſalt country extends as far as Cabeca de Montachique. It properly forms only one maſs of baſalt, which is here and there covered with limeſtone.

It is particularly ſtriking that baſalt is only found in thoſe two parts of Portugal, Liſbon and Cape St. Vincent, where the earthquake of 1775 was moſt violent; and this circumſtance is thought to confirm the opinion that baſalt covering great ſtrata of coals furniſhes materials for ſubterraneous fires, and thus give riſe to earthquakes and volcanoes; but it muſt not be forgotten that Belem, which partly ſtands on a baſalt hill, ſuffered leſs from that earthquake than ſome parts of the town evidently founded upon limeſtone; perhaps the baſalt had, at ſome former period, been forced up from theſe parts by a ſimilar convulſion; and the ſhocks which Liſbon has felt from time to time, are attempts of nature to raiſe other ſimilar hills. But it is evident this is one of the innumerable hypotheſes that have been thrown out without proof on this ſubject. Portugal, however, is rich in warm ſprings, which are doubtleſs the effect of ſubterraneous fires. Such ſprings are even found in Liſbon, though the warmth is very ſlight; alſo, at Caſcaes, a few miles from Liſbon.

Account of the popular Amuſement of Swings, in Ruſſia.

ONE popular diverſion ſtill remains to be mentioned, and deſerves notice, as it is the principal amuſement of all, during the hot ſeaſon: I mean the ſwings in the Eaſter week.

Theſe ſwings are conſtructed in various parts of the town, having about them kabaks, booths for puppet-ſhews, cook-ſhops, and the like: Podnabinſky, however, is the capital ſcene of this

diverſion. Here, is a ſpacious ſquare between Zemlenoigorod and the ſuburbs, about thirty of theſe ſwings, roundabouts, and ups and downs are erected. It is at this joyful ſeaſon that here the national propenſity to frolickſome paſtime is diſplayed by the populace to its full extent. Even the ſuperior claſſes aſſemble here as ſpectators, and form a ſecond ſpectacle extremely intereſting.

The numerous concourſe of people of all ranks, who in their elegant equipages drive ſlowly round the diverting ſpot, the good-humoured gaiety of the populace, the hearty ſatisfaction with which they enjoy theſe amuſements, the ſtriking ſingularity of the paſtimes themſelves, give theſe popular holidays ſo peculiar a character, that any obſerver, who would take the pains to ſtudy the nation in this giddy ſcene of their entertainment, might ſeize very ſtrong lines for its delineation. He could not fail of catching the univerſal blithſomeneſs, with which old and young, childhood and hoary age are animated, and which here is not quickened by a momentary impulſe, but is only elevated and placed in its moſt agreeable light by a congenial opportunity. He will remark the ſpirit of courteſy and gallantry, which exhibits itſelf in a thouſand little touches, as an etching in the national character by no means indifferent.

Here a couple of beggars, whoſe tattered garments ſcarcely afford them a covering, greet one another in the moſt complaiſant and reſpectful manner; a long ſtring of queſtions concerning their mutual warfare begins the dialogue, which likewiſe concludes by a polite embrace. There a young fellow offers to hand his girl, glowing with paint and brandy, into the ſeat in which both of them are preſently mounted in the air.

Only one ſtep farther, and the eye fixes on very different ſcenes. The ſame people who were before employed in ſuch friendly ſalutations, are now engaged in a diſpute which exhauſts the prodigious treaſures of Ruſſian ſcurrilities. All that is degrading and exaſperating to human nature finds a denomination in this energetic language; and yet the clamorous diſputants never loſe their temper. Uſing the moſt furious geſtures, exerting their throats to the utmoſt pitch of vociferation, amidſt a profuſion of the moſt abuſive epithets, they ſuddenly get ſo cloſe that their beards almoſt touch—yet without ever coming to blows.

The police, well knowing that there is no danger of life or limb in theſe fierce debates, cools the heated parties by a ſhower directed at their heads from a fire-engine, always kept in readineſs on theſe occaſions, and found by long experience to be the beſt inſtrument for quelling a riot as well as for quenching a conflagration. The whole quarrel is terminated in an inſtant, a general ſhout of hootings and laughter burſts from the by-ſtanders; and the diſputants are now running arm in arm to the

neareſt

neareſt public houſe, to cement their renovated friendſhip with a glaſs of brandy.

DESCRIPTION *of the* MOUNTAIN FINCH.

LENGTH ſomewhat above ſix inches: bill yellow-blackiſh at the tip; eyes hazel; the feathers on the head, neck, and back are black, edged with ruſty brown; ſides of the neck, juſt above the wings, blue aſh; rump white; the throat, fore part of the neck, and breaſt, are of a pale orange; belly white; leſſer wing coverts pale reddiſh brown, edged with white; greater coverts black, tipped with pale yellow; quills duſky, with pale yellowiſh edges; the tail is forked, the outermoſt feathers edged with white, the reſt black, with whitiſh edges; legs pale brown.

The mountain finch is a native of northern climates, from whence it ſpreads into various parts of Europe: it arrives in this country the latter end of ſummer, and is more frequent in the mountainous part of our iſland. They have been ſeen on the Cumberland hills in the middle of Auguſt. Great flocks of them ſometimes come together, they fly very cloſe, and on that account great numbers of them are frequently killed at one ſhot. In France, ſays Buffon, they appear ſometimes in ſuch immenſe numbers, that the ground where they rooſted has been covered with their dung for a conſiderable ſpace; and in one year they were ſo numerous, that more than ſix hundred dozen were killed each night during the greateſt part of the winter. They are ſaid to build their neſts in fir trees, at a conſiderable height; it is compoſed of long moſs, and lined with hair, wool, and feathers; the female lays four or five eggs, white, ſpotted with yellow. The fleſh of the mountain finch, though bitter, is ſaid to be good to eat, and better than that of the chaffinch; but its ſong is much inferior, and is only a diſagreeable kind of chirping. It feeds on ſeeds of various kinds, and is ſaid to be particularly fond of beech maſt.

REFLECTIONS.

THOSE who like home beſt have good reaſons for the preference; and a curſe to the miſchief-maker, whoſe practice it is to deſtroy domal compacts. Where Hymen is propitious, happy in reality, muſt be his votaries.

The moſt venomous conceal their poiſon, and never, till occaſion calls, is the ſage diſcovered, or the ſinews of the ſtrong man bared to views: ſo deep lies good or evil!

Curious

Curious SPECIMEN *of* ORTHOGRAPHY.

STOLEN or STRAIDE from M—— W—— of Mawgan 1 Sheep and too Lambs Sooking of her A wither Lamb and a Ewe Lamb not Shorn but the Ewe are ſhorn all marked with redden over ther Baks and Blacking on ther nearer Sides But Sopoſed to be Moſte waſhed out and oll all marked with a halfpeney unter there years und the Sheep gote to toops to of Booth years Coot of and gote Short tails all But ſopoſed to be drove of in ſome Condifftall maner whoever will bring nwes of the ſaid Sheep and Lambs ſhall reSeave 2 Shillings and 6 reward for ther Labour and all reaſneable Charges paide and if any perſon will Bring nwes of the Sheep to Be poot of By any Boody or to Be keept in By any Body after notis hearby given en Be the Cauſer of Bringin Shuch parſons to Conviction Shall reSeave five ponds and five Shillings for there TruBle and al reasnable Charges paide Datted July 25 Inſtant

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On WISDOM *in* RELIGIOUS CONDUCT.

By Dr. Blair.

THIS wiſdom requires, that conſiſtency and uniformity be preſerved in character; that not by pieces and corners only we ſtudy goodneſs, but that we carry one line of regular virtue through our whole conduct. Without this extenſive regulation of behaviour, we can never hold on ſucceſsfully in a perfect way. Almoſt all men, even the looſe and profligate, lay claim to ſome one virtue or other, and value themſelves on ſome good moral diſpoſition, which they boaſt of poſſeſſing. It is in vain, therefore, that we reſt our character on one or a few eſtimable qualities, which we imagine ourſelves to poſſeſs in a high degree, while in other points of virtue we are relaxed and deficient. True virtue muſt form one complete and entire ſyſtem. All its parts are connected; piety with morality, charity with juſtice, benevolence with temperance and fortitude. If any of theſe parts be wanting, the fabric becomes diſjointed; the adverſe parts of character correſpond not to each other, nor form into one whole.

We are to remember that, in order to avoid auſterity, it by no means follows that we ſhould run into an unlimited compliance with the manners of others around us. This is a danger to which they are often expoſed, whoſe tempers are mild, and whoſe manners are condeſcending. A manly ſteadineſs of conduct is the object which we are always to keep in view; ſtudying to unite gentleneſs of manners with firmneſs of principle, affable behaviour with untainted integrity.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted July 6.

AN ENIGMA, Sir doth ape all forms,
" Sometimes a human being;
" Sometimes a houſe, perchance a mouſe,
" Or looking glaſs to ſee in."

†*† We have received the like anſwer from W. S. L. H. and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; and R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.

Anſwer, by E. Penny, of Aſhburton, to J. Widgery's Charade, inſerted July 13.

THE *Whale* is in the ocean found,
And by harpooner ſlain;
Then take the *Bone* from out its head,
Makes WHALEBONE, Sir, 'tis plain.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. R. Toulmin; S. B. of Newton Buſhel; J. Squance, Thomas Whicker, W. Harris, jun. W. S. P. Gove, and Henry Humphreys, of Exeter; Walter Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; E. T. and H. Trenchard, jun. of Chard; G. Badcock, of the Mouſehole Volunteers; G. England, of Uplyme; J. Whittle, of Upway; G. Coumlan, of Broadhempſton; W. England, of Lyme; and R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.

An ANAGRAM, *by W. Jenkins, Officer, of Exciſe, Yeovil.*

A Well-known weight tranſpoſe aright,
A mark is quickly brought to light:
Eraſe a letter, and 'tis clear
An act or deed is made appear.

A REBUS, *by S. B. of Newton Buſhel.*

AN Heathen god that's fam'd of yore;
A metal next you muſt explore;
What real Chriſtians all poſſeſs;
An Engliſh queen you'll then expreſs;
A fabled hunter next ſelect;
A title for the young detect:
The initials join'd in order true,
A well-known bird 'twill bring to view.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

WHEN broad-orb'd Sol with brilliant beams
No longer d·th appear,
But inky night her mantle throws
Around the ſilent ſphere;
Behold my firſt, bedeck'd with gems,
That ſhed their luſtre round;
And ſpread a ſeeming friendly light
Along the duſky ground.
What ſilence reigns along the vales!
What ſtillneſs o'er the plains!
My ſecond now no longer chants
His modulating ſtrains.
Ere Phœbus from the orient ſkies,
Peeps forth with cheering ray;
My whole each roſy ſummer's morn
Salutes approaching day.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MIDNIGHT.

O Midnight! ſilent, ſolitary hour!
Whoſe ſtill approach the heavy bell proclaims
With ſlow-ſtruck, ſolemn ſounds,
That quiv'ring die away.
The moon half ſunk reflects a feeble ray,
With faint, wan tint ſhe tips the whiſp'ring trees,
And on yon ruddy hill
Surveys the gloomy ſcene.

No clam'rous ſounds diſturb thy peaceful reign,
No noiſy revels rend the ſilent air,
But ſullen ſtillneſs all
The landſcape round pervades;
Save where the watchful houſe-dog's hollow throat,
And hollow hills reverb the diſtant ſound;
Or yonder boding owl
Thy calmneſs interupts,
As moping mid the ivy'd wall ſhe ſits,
And fills the lurid air with ſudden ſcream,
That rouzes echo's note,
Reſponſive thro' the vale.

Now ſprightly ſport the wanton fairy train
In groves beneath the lihg'ring moon's faint light
With light ſteps gaily dance
The verdant ring around.
Refreſhing dews elute the opening flow'rs
That melancholy hang their ſurcharg'd heads,
And lurk beneath the leaves
'Till day's bright lamp approach.

In murmurs ſoft o'er poliſh'd pebbles glides
The trickling ſtream that rives the graſſy plain,
And ſoftly wanders on
Its narrow winding courſe.
Sweet ſoothing maid! protract thy penſive ſtay,
Avert awhile, bright ſun! thy dawning ray,
While muſing thro' the grove
I wander pleas'd the gloomy woods among,
Or on yon mazy ſtreamlet's banks along
Its downy margent rove.

Iliminſter. FLIBERTY-GIBBET.

Lines written on viſiting a romantic, but obſcure Hamlet.

By WILLIAM CASE, *Jun.*

ALL hail ye ſcenes, that glad the wondering view,
Sublime, fantaſtic, lovely, ever new!
Where art to nature lends a ſoftening power,
And quiet ſojourns in her rock-roof'd bower;

Scenes,

Scenes, that bid grief's dark clouds at diſtance roll,
Scenes, that in golden viſions wrap the ſoul!

What tho' no Auburn's bard, inſpir'd of Heaven,
To theſe fair haunts perennial fame hath given;
What tho' they thus have bloom'd from age to age,
(Ne'er character'd in hiſtory's blazon'd page)
In humble privacy, unſeen, unknown,
Save by a few, whom labour calls her own;
Yet are they ſtill to fancy, feeling, dear,
Still prompt th' enthuſiaſt's ſadly pleaſing tear;
Still every charm theſe varying proſpects give
In memory's bleſt elyſium long ſhall live.

At this moſt penſive hour, when from afar
Still twilight hither guides her ſhadowy car,
How ſweet to mark the ſun's deep roſeate glow
Reſt ſlowly lingering on yon mountain's brow!
Oft thro' the viſtas of thoſe arching trees,
That woo the kiſſes of the evening breeze,
A lengthening ray of ſoft cerulean light,
Now quivering gleams, now vaniſhes from ſight.
The purpling trefoil, redolent of May,
The unyok'd ſteeds, that homeward drag their way,
The cluſtering woodbine, peeping from the glade,
In contraſt with the holly's duſkier ſhade,
The village ſteeple, tapering to the ſky,
(So ſhould meek faith to Heaven uplift her eye!)
The cotter's lattic'd home, the curling ſmoke,
The fading grandeur of yon lonely oak,
The plumy jubilants' laſt ſweet farewell,
The ſimple muſic of the ſhepherd's bell,
The ſtreamlet, gurgling from the cliffs above,
The milkmaid's ſong of one who died for love,
And voice of echo, heard at every cloſe,
All, all inſpire a cherub-like repoſe!

The POPLARS.

By the late WILLIAM COWPER, *Eſq.*

THE poplars are fell'd, and adieu to the ſhade,
And the whiſpering ſound of the cool colonnade!
The winds play no longer, and ſing in their leaves,
Nor the Ouſe on its ſurface their image receives.

Twelve years had elapſed ſince I laſt took a view
Of my favourite field, and the place where they grew,
When behold on their ſides on the graſs they were laid,
And I ſat on the tree under which I had ſtray'd.

The black-bird has fought out another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a ſcreen from the heat;
And the ſcene where his notes have oft charm'd me before,
Shall reſound with his ſmooth-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all haſt'ning away,
And I muſt myſelf lie as lowly as they,
With a turf at my breaſt, and a ſtone at my head,
Ere another ſuch grove riſes up in its ſtead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short-liv'd as we are, yet our pleaſures, we ſee,
Have a ſtill ſhorter date, and die ſooner than we.